Richard McBeef

by

Seung Cho

Cast of Characters

Richard McBeef.....Step-father, 40
Sue.....Mother, 40
John.....Son, 13

Setting

Living room, basement, car.

Richard McBeef

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(It is morning. The sun is shining through the windows of the kitchen. John enters the kitchen, grabs a cereal bar, and opens it. Richard McBeef is sitting in the kitchen with his legs crossed reading the newspaper.)

RICHARD

Hey, John.

(He forces a smile at him.)

JOHN

What's up, Dick!

(He frowns.)

RICHARD

Try dad.

JOHN

You ain't my dad and you know it, you Dick.

(John chews on the cereal bar angrily.)

RICHARD

Come on, John. Sit down. We need to have man-to-man talk.

(Richard pulls a chair next to him from under the table.)

JOHN

Man-to-man up your ass, bud!

(John sneers then proceeds to the living room and turns on

the TV. Richard follows him, sits down, and faces him.)

RICHARD

I may not be your biological father, but I'm your new father. We live under the same roof. We really need to get along. Come on, son, give me a chance.

(Richard gently rests him hand on John's lap.)

JOHN

What the hell are you doing!

(John slaps Richard's hand.)

JOHN (Cond't)

What are you, a Catholic priest! I will not be molested by an aging balding overweight pedophilic stepdad named Dick! Get your hands off me you sicko! Damn you, you Catholic priest. Just stop it, Michael Jackson. Let me guess, you have a pet named Dick in Neverland ranch and you want me to go with you to pet him, right?

RICHARD

(He sighs and ignores the comment.)

What is it you want from me, what do you want me to do? Why are you so angry at me--

JOHN

Why am I so angry at you! Because you murdered my father so you can get into my mom's pant!--

RICHARD

Now hold on right there mister. It was a boating accident. I did everything I could to try to save your father.

JOHN

Bullshit! Are you always full of shit, McBeef? I can see that you are by the extra fat you have packed on! You MURDERED my father and covered it up! You committed a conspiracy. Just like what the government has done to John Lennon and Marilyn Monroe.

RICHARD

WHAT? WHAT?

(Frowning, he catches a glimpse of an old tabloid titled "The Cover-up of Marilyn Monroe and John Lennon!!")

JOHN
You once worked for the government. As a janitor, at least. You hated the fact that my mom was with my dad. You knew my mom was too good for my father. So you took him out and stole her, you son of a bitch!

RICHARD
St—

JOHN
No, Dick! You shut the hell up and listen to me.

RICHARD
You--

JOHN
Me what! You want me to stick this remote control up your ass, buddy! You ain't even worth it man. This remote was five bucks. You are such a--

RICHARD
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH.

(Richard raises his hand to strike his stepson, but before he does, John's mom comes down the stairs.)

SUE
Oh my god! What's going on?

(She covers and hugs John and ushers him to the other end of the couch.)

SUE (Cont'd)
What are you doing to my son! You said you would have a nice chat to get on terms with him. And this is what I catch you do! What kind of step-father are you? Pretending to be nice to him with a fake smile on your chubby face!

Tell me, what were you trying to do to him. You were about to hit him! Damn you, Richard!

RICHARD

He was—

SUE

I don't want to hear it!

(Sue tells John to go up to his room. But he observes the spectacle half way up the staircase.)

RICHARD

I swear Sue! I tried talking to him. He called me a son of a bit—

SUE

How dare you! John would never—NEVER—say such a thing, my poor little pooey pooey boy! He lost his father just a month ago. Show some compassion! Some stepfather!

JOHN

He tried to touch my privates!

SUE

(She gasps.)

Holy shit! Oops. Sorry John. Dick, You son of a b—

(She peeks at John. She approaches Richard and slaps Richard in the head multiple times. Taking off her shoes, she hits him hard.)

RICHARD

(He brushes Sue with his large arm and build.)

Sue Sue Sue. Listen to me!

SUE

(The manner and girth frightens her.)

Oh my god! What are you trying to do! Are you gonna hit me too!

(She cowers and runs into the kitchen. She grabs the first thing she can which is a plate.)

Stay back! Stay back! Or I'll…

(She throws the plate, shattering squarely on his forehead. But he is unmoved.)

You fat piece of pork! John! Go to your room and lock it!

(She runs down the basement.)

Are you a bisexual psycho rapist murderer! Please stop following me. Don't kill me!

(She throws wrenches and pipes lying on the ground at him, but he is unhurt.)

RICHARD

I didn't even do anything. Okay. I'll stop following you.

(He stops with his hands in the air. He kneels. She throws a few more heavy objects at him.)

Let me explain! John is a rambunctious pubescent boy!

SUE

Oh my god! You are a pedophile!

RICHARD

No! No…Honey-poo.

SUE

Honey-poo?

RICHARD

Honey-poo. Don't you believe me? John is just a mischievous kid who having trouble getting over his father's death. He'll get over it. He just needs time.

SUE

Really?

RICHARD

Yes. Now, why don't we go to the bedroom and do it doggy style, just the way you like it, honey-poo.

JOHN

(In his room, he smiles and throws darts on the target that is the face of Richard.)

I hate him. Must kill Dick. Must kill Dick. Dick must die. Kill Dick… Richard McBeef. What kind of name is that? What an asshole name. I don't like it. And look at his face. What an asshole face. I don't like his face at all. You don't think I can kill you, Dick? You don't think I can kill you? Gotcha. Got one eye… Got the other eye.

(He runs down to the basement by his mother's side.)

That fat man murder dad. He told me so while you were asleep, mom. And he molested me.

SUE

What! Ahhh!

(She grabs a chainsaw and brandishes it at Richard. He runs out of the house and into his car. Thirty minutes later John goes out to Richard and sits on the passenger's side eating a cereal bar.)

JOHN

I wonder why its so sunny out! Today is one fruity day!

(John stares squarely at Richard with a contemptuous look who is sitting with a flushed face.)

Guess what, Dick. You wanna know something. You wanna know why I don't like you? Because you can't provide for my mom. You barely make the minimum wage, man. All you do for mom is all this honey-poo shit. Honey-poo! Honey-poo! You piece of shit! You were a janitor one time. You're a one time truck driver. You taught preschool kids for two months. And now you're what you like to call yourself a chef, what the rest of the world calls hamburger flipper. Back where you came from. The pinnacle of your career was when you were a pro football player. How long did that last? Three weeks! Ha! You're over the hills, buster! Just look at yourself, all fat and lazy. Only if you were smart enough to stay in the league, you wouldn't be like this. A former player. No wonder your name is McPork—I mean McBeef. While the guys were packing on muscles, you were packing on McDonald's fat, chowing down on three Big Mac's in three minutes. You wanted me to call you dad? Okay. Hey *dad*, you are such a asshole! Asshole of assholes, *DAD!* And as for you banging my mom, looks like that lasted a long as your pathetic career, you prematurely ejaculating piece of dickshit. Sucks for you, you motherfucking McBeef.

RICHARD

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR STEP-FATHER LIKE THAT!

JOHN

Eat this, you giant tree trunk piece of ass.

(John sticks his half-eaten banana cereal bar in his step-father's mouth and attempts to shove it down his throat.)

RICHARD

AHHHHHHH!

(He pushes John away and takes out the cereal bar.)

JOHN

Fuck you, *DAD*!

RICHARD

(Out of sheer desecrated hurt and anger, Richard lifts his large arms and swings a deadly blow at the thirteen year old boy.)